

TWO ROUSING OFFERS TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Boston Weekly Globe.
TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1883.

A PRIZE STORY

will begin about January 8. It has qualities which will make it one of the most successful serials ever published in this country. Everybody will read it. Subscribe at once, and receive the opening chapters.

ARE YOU FORMING A CLUB?

Have you shown a sample copy of THE GLOBE to all your neighbors and friends? You have only to call attention to its unequalled merits as a family newspaper and to the long-time offer, and you will secure a large number of subscribers. Let every subscriber and every one who reads this notice form a reading club.

A NEW ENGLAND INSTANT.

The observance of Christmas gifts and Christmas feasts, Christmas holidays and Christmas feasting, Christmas greetings and Christmas good cheer, are comparatively new things in New England. They are the evolution of the new lightness and gladness that the stern Puritan stock were so long in permitting to enter their lives. Elderly men and women can tell how in their youth Christmas was hardly recognized, and how their own staid elders would have been shocked beyond expression at the idea of the modern merry-making. They can tell, too, how when they heard the children of less strict households talk about the good things of Christmas they listened in open-eyed wonder and wistfully asked one another, "What is Christmas?"

A striking comparison is that between that of grim, upright, downright, rectangular, uncompromising, iron-bound—what should it be called?—piety; rather, horror of happiness—and the present universal recognition of Christmas-time as the one season of all the year most fit for merry-making and enjoyment, for being happy oneself and making everybody else happy. A time when, from the Vendome to the Little Wanderer's Home, there is no one in the city of Boston who cannot share in Christmas good cheer, when not a child in any section of the city, who can be reached by the loving hands of charity, is shut out from the knowledge of what Christmas is, or who cannot take part in its happy times, when Santa Claus and Puck keep merry company from end to end of the city—in such a time, whether the world is growing better or worse, it is certainly becoming gladder and happier.

It is not the least thing for which not only the children but also the men and women of this day and generation may be thankful, that they live in a time which makes so much of Christmas, and when it is the proper thing for each person both to be happy himself and to make one else happy. Even for the most fortunate life has so much of the sorrowful that no one can afford to miss any possible good cheer. There is so much of actual misery in the world and so much possible happiness that it is a tragedy for any life to miss a moment of happiness it might have had or which rightfully belonged to it. There is more gladness and happiness for the New England child of today—and, therefore, too, for the New England man and woman of today—than for those of thirty years ago. And this is no small blessing.

SENATOR BLAIR ON INALIENABLE RIGHTS.

When Senator BLAIR started out with his labor committee in search of information concerning the causes of social disorder and industrial distress he had but a vague conception of the nature of the inquiry and no idea at all of where it would lead him. Starting with the erroneous assumption that the causes of complaint could be removed and all social ills remedied by legislation, the committee naturally encouraged those persons who had "Morrison's pill" remedies to suggest, and by listening to them managed to acquire considerable misinformation on social questions. Senator BLAIR made considerable progress in his study of the causes of poverty, and indicated by his questions to witnesses that he had detected the fallacy and futility of the comfortable laissez faire, go-West-and-take-up-land, be-economical-and-stop-drinking view of the poverty question held by the majority of persons who are themselves well off.

But even Senator BLAIR never got quite to the bottom of the subject. The notion that the remedy was to be sought for in legislation seems never to have been dislodged from his mind. A paternal government regulating the affairs of the people seems to be his conception of a true state of society. In accordance with this view, Senator BLAIR contributes an article to the North American Review on the prohibition question, which is full of errors and misconceptions, although evidently intended to be fair and calmly philosophical. The trouble is that Senator BLAIR is not a social philosopher yet, not having cast off the habits of mind peculiar to the politician.

Sensor BLAIR has discovered that the "so-called higher classes" are not to be trusted as the exponents of public opinion, and that the common people are, after all, the people; but because so society has attempted to restrict the traffic in alcoholic liquors, he declares that the right of society, in the premises is therefore settled, just as is the right of self-defense. Having settled the question of right in this off-hand manner, he says the only question remaining is whether license or prohibition shall be the remedy selected. "And then he declares that the masses of the people see clearly that prohibition absolute by law is the only remedy. It does not occur to him that the evils of intemperance and poverty are intimately associated, and that with the disappearance of poverty and the improvement of the condition of the laborer would come such incentives and opportunities for mental and social culture as would finally make him temperate through self-respect and knowledge of the effects of intemperance.

That drinking will ever entirely disappear is highly improbable. Even Senator BLAIR says: "The appetite for alcohol is everywhere. It is almost as strong as the love of life, and constitutes an imperative demand." Man will find a way to supply his imperative demands, no matter how many legislative enactments forbid him, but Senator BLAIR thinks he can conquer this appetite, "strong, almost as the love of life," by cutting off the supply. He would accomplish this through an amendment to the national constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation and transportation of intoxicating liquors for use as beverages, and he would do this by the force of numbers. "There is force enough to win everything," he declares, and then he says legis-

lation "creates that overwhelming public opinion which wages perpetual war through the judicial power against all forms of crime." No, the senator is not yet a philosopher. The social question is still obscured by the fog of politics. But here and there a faint gleam of light struggles through the mist, falling to illuminate much, however—rather serving to emphasize the obscurity. For instance: "No law can promote the general welfare which deprives an individual of an inalienable right, or which impairs the enjoyment thereof, whether of life, liberty, property, or the pursuit of happiness." Senator BLAIR has added one to the list of inalienable rights mentioned in the Declaration of Independence. In what respect is the right of property inalienable? In what does that consist? In short, what is property? When Senator BLAIR shall have found answers to these questions—well, he will know more about right itself than he now does. Then, perhaps, he will not speak of "the laws restraining the spendthrift in the destruction of his inalienable right in property, by forfeiture of estate," as applications of principles that are the cornerstones of all just government. If property is an inalienable right, what effect would Senator BLAIR'S MORRISON'S pill of prohibition have upon the rights of those who own distilleries, breweries, etc.? We fear the senator will be compelled to eliminate property from his schedule of inalienable rights—and also modify his views of the just function of government.

MANUAL TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Globe: Will you allow a constant reader of your paper space to commend your editorial in this morning's paper on the subject of manual training in the public schools and at the same time complain that you did not carry far enough the logical objections to the new system? What you say about the proposed change being carried too far is frozen truth, of such a degree of congelation that you do not state it nearly forcibly enough.

In a certain sense it must be admitted that the training of the muscles, so as to bring finer, hand, arm, every muscle, every nerve, under the control of the educated brain is as necessary as is the educating of the brain. But the desires of the advocates of manual training do not by any means stop with this. They make it the basis of their plan, but they also ask that the practical uses of tools should be taught, with the aim of preparing students for the trades, and, as you say, Mr. Seaver's hope for a public school of mechanic arts looks decidedly as if the scheme would aid in the actual teaching of those trades. And, at any rate, as you suggest, the movement of popular sentiment will carry the plan in that direction, whatever the present intention of those who are initiating it.

Now, can Mr. SEAVY or any other advocate of manual training tell why a boy in the public schools should be taught the use of a saw or a jack-plane any more than his sister should be taught how to handle a needle, a broom, a sewing machine, or a frying-pan? Every one of the arguments with which they defend their proposition can be used to show the necessity of training girls in the use of household utensils.

Does the present system send boys into mercantile employments? It is also separating girls from household duties. Are boys deficient in knowledge of the uses of tools? A constantly larger number of girls is growing up ignorant of the uses of household utensils. Is manual training "essential to the right and full development of the human mind" of the boy? Then it must be equally necessary for that of the girl. And the "laboratory method—the workshop way," which Mr. SEAVY praises as the great recommendation of manual training, points out that that development for the girl would be best gained by training her in the use of the every-day implements with which in the home she will be expected to bring order out of chaos.

So, in all logic, one by one the duties of the parent will be absorbed by the school teacher. The home will become only the place where the child lodges and is fed, the parent only the watcher of its bed and board, while the schoolmaster becomes the place where it is reared, the schoolmaster its intellectual, moral and physical keeper. The schoolmaster is the one to whom the parents will leave and to whom the child will look for the gaining of knowledge, the teaching of morals, the training of muscles and the acquiring of all its practical information.

I am not an old fogey. I desire to see the public schools improved as much as is consistently possible. But when the proposition comes up of teaching the boy how to plane and saw and hammer, and in all consistency, his sister to sew and sweep and cook, all at the public cost, I must say that I think it is a movement that is not progress. It will end if the movement of other educational ideas can be taken as a criterion and if there is any proof in the natural development of ideas, in the teaching of trades in the public schools.

In a very limited way the new movement doubtless has much good in it. But the slightest misapplication or the carrying of it the merest trifle too far will usurp the functions and duties of the home and the parent. JAMES BARKER.

The Highlands, December 21.

HOW BOYS MAY GET WORK.

To the Editor of The Globe: I am a boy 12 years old and want to go to work. How can I get a place? My father will not let me learn his trade. He says there are too many at it, and that it's the meanest trade there is, anyway. He wants me to continue to go to school. What had I better do? FRED B.

This boy writes a good hand, and is evidently an intelligent scholar. Our idea is that a boy of his age had better dismiss his thought of getting a place and continue his attendance at school. A good education is now within his grasp, and the chances are that the opportunity will never recur. When he is older he may find his way.

The boy makes an inquiry, however, of general interest, and that is as to the best way of obtaining a situation. This can hardly be answered in a sentence, though the quicker method is for a boy to hunt one up himself. A boy who finds his own situation is more apt to fill it, and get ahead, than a boy who waits for his father to find him one. Some people are always busy, and seem to have the knack of securing and keeping places, while many others are loafing either the whole or a part of the time, and cannot seem to find any work.

Perhaps a good example will influence boys as much as any amount of good advice. A little fellow of 11 years in South Boston went to a well-known newsdealer a little while ago with this message:

"My mother is a widow, and I don't want her to have to earn all the money. I am small, but I can

carry papers, and when you want a boy I want you to hire me and give me a trial." That was the right spirit, and on Wednesday of this week he began the delivery of evening papers and will continue his attendance at school as before. On Monday during the snow storm he earned a quarter by cleaning sidewalks and felt so thoroughly like a capitalist that he told his little sister that now when she wanted a cent she need not go to her mother, she could call upon him. This boy is now at work. He secured his own place in an independent and manly fashion, and he will succeed. The incident is a good illustration of the theory that boys who want work should hunt it up for themselves.

"FELLER-CITIZEN CHANDLER."

Among the novel and strange experiences in America that MATTHEW ARNOLD will probably long remember and wonder at, not the least memorable will be the decidedly unique antics of the Honorable BILL CHANDLER, by whom the distinguished literary man had the infelicity to be introduced to a Washington audience. The Honorable BILL opened the festivities with the very happy remark that he was sorry CHARLES had been elected speaker and by addressing the audience of ladies and gentlemen as "fellow-citizens." Being secretary of a formidable navy that has distinguished itself as a commerce destroyer, it was natural that the Honorable BILL should have warlike thoughts and introduce a lecturer on literature with some felicitous allusions to the ability of England and the United States to lick the rest of the world; but it must be confessed that it was a little fresh in the honorable secretary to follow the lecturer with an address to his "fellow-citizens" and invite them to come upon the platform and answer the critic after the manner of political stump-speakers. With that delicate courtesy and savoir faire for which he is justly celebrated, our polished secretary of the navy drafted EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the genial Dr. LOBBING and the bumptious WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS in rapid but unsuccessful succession to answer Mr. ARNOLD'S arguments. As none of the gentlemen possesses the easy grace requisite for the attacking of a guest in such style, all were plainly embarrassed and were obliged to crawl out of the hole into which the secretary had so ingeniously precipitated them. The Honorable BILL was persevering, and, after a few more remarks to his "fellow-citizens," he called upon FRED DOUGLASS to stand up and sail into Mr. ARNOLD. Mr. DOUGLASS proved unequal to the task, and hastened to make a motion shrewdly designed to get the bewildered audience upon their feet by a rising vote. The audience appreciated the situation and Mr. DOUGLASS' ruse, and stamped out of the hall, leaving Mr. ARNOLD smiling faintly, and the Honorable BILL orating to his "fellow-citizens." We don't think Mr. ARNOLD will ever forget how a United States cabinet officer presided at his first lecture in Washington.

A DISAGREEABLE SUBJECT.

Concerning the rank hypocrisy of the Republican civil service reformers who fired out the chaplain of the Senate because he was a Democrat, the Advertiser says: "As a matter of fact, the more Republicans explain their inconsistency in making a 'clean sweep,' the worse appear the best reasons. The subject had best be dropped as a disagreeable one." The Advertiser has lately displayed an amount of candor, in its comments on Republican dishonesty, that is as astonishing as it is creditable, but its advice that the subject had better be dropped is not quite up to the mark. However disagreeable it may be to the Republican party to have its false pretensions exposed, and charitably throw the mantle of oblivion over its sins, "Mr. TAPPY WELSHMAN," remarked the judge, "you are charged with stealing a piece of beef. Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Your honor," replied TAPPY, "this subject is excessively disagreeable to me, and I think it had better be dropped."

There is in this city a number of very worthy people who think the earth should be turned into a sort of human stock-farm for the scientific breeding of the race, and these people get together, call themselves the Institute of Heredity, and discuss their great scheme with much solemnity. They talk gravely of pre-natal influences in the formation of character, and argue that it is possible to develop the race as much as it is possible to perfect the brute creation by breeding carefully and scientifically. No doubt it is possible, provided men and women can be persuaded to regard themselves as a herd of blood stock and submit to the dictation of some "breeder." But we are inclined to believe that individual choice will continue to influence the mating of men and women for some time to come, and that the Institute of Heredity will have a money-and-parrot of a time trying to regulate marriage on the cattle-ranch plan.

The latest story is that President Arthur has been caught by a Brooklyn hearse. Going to say "hello" to your employees? No Norwegian girl is allowed to have a beau until she can bake bread and knit stockings. Numerous letters expect to be "hung up" Christmas eve, and saloon-keepers also. Cincinnati Enquirer: The Republican candidates are afraid of each other, and are approaching the presidency with gun shoes on.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

Wonder what these Washington correspondents get for booming presidential candidates? We know what they get outside of Washington—a d—g.

The Nation says that now men get themselves elected to Congress in order that, after they have served their time out, they may make a living by button-holing congressmen about bills, the office of lobbyist being actually a stepping-stone to that of member.

Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette: "The rock upon which most business men strike is extravagance in living, and extravagance is a relative term to be measured not by the amount expended, but by the income. It is extravagant for the man who makes \$2000 per annum to spend \$3000, and the ultimate result must be failure, but if he makes a net profit of \$10,000 a year he may spend \$3000 a year, and still grow rich."

Dr. Billings, in a lecture at Baltimore, said: "The tendency of city life is for the majority to degenerate and for the family to be destroyed in a majority of cases, but fresh and healthy lives pour in from the country, and so concentration of population increases."

Exchange: "I shall teach you to speak properly, and then to write as you speak," said a teacher in the public schools. "Poor Billy Wilcox," said a little voice, apparently involuntary. "What about Billy?" "Please, mam, he speaks through his nose—he will have to write through his nose."

Six young women have just been graduated at the College of Chemistry, and will begin business life as druggists.

Exchange: Nora went to a funeral and on returning informed her mistress that Mr. Muldoon said she was the "life of the wake." A few weeks later she received notice of disfigurement, and she was about to be married "to the husband of the corpse, mum."

"Bright electric lights of the new world" is what Mrs. Cornwallis West calls the American paragraph.

A learned attorney in a murder case in New York wanted to know of a learned expert in insanity. The expert, who was a Jew, said: "Then you live at Kokomo, Ind., eh?" asked a Western railroad man of an odd sort of chap. "Is that where there has been such a big temperance movement?" "Yes, stranger, 1700 have joined the sley and signed the pledge." "What's the chief industry in Kokomo?" "Well, most of us is carpenters now." "Lots of building in town?" "No, no, the nation is having a lock and side doors put in, an' it makes a right smart of work."

A crematory association has been formed in Washington, and Congress is to be asked to give it a charter. A German physician has given a lot on which to erect a crematory similar to that in Washington, Penn. It is expected to reduce the cost for burning a body to \$20.

South Eagle: "What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break. "Oh, dad's gone down stairs to lick the editor." "Well, has he come down yet?" pursued the good Samaritan. "Pieces of him have," explained the boy, indulging in a fresh outburst of tears, "and I'm expecting to get every remnant of him."

Concerning the school system in this country the Rochester Union rises to remark: "Statistics show we spend about \$100,000,000 annually in the pretended cause of education. But with all our gilt-edging it appears that we have over 6,000,000 people from ten years old and upward who cannot read and write, and more than half of them are whites and nearly two-thirds of both colors are native Americans! This scrapes off all the gliding, and ought to change the text and tone of our spread-eagle orators on Independence day."

Amero's case will be tried in the next bye and bye.

The time was when you wouldn't hear of a murder for weeks and months. Now newspaper night owls let you know at the breakfast table what has happened in the world of the night before.

Vanderbilt has just spent \$150,000 for a new building for his gallery.

Three San Francisco firms employ twelve slaves in the Ochoaks sea, and this year they have caught 1,750,000 codfish.

Health inspector to lady of the house: "Let me look at that trap under the sink." "Certainly." "But there is no trap here." "Yes, there is; didn't I catch four rats in it yesterday?"

Harpers' tells of a theological professor who could not attend his class, and one of his collaborators posted a notice as follows: "The professor being ill requests me to say that the seniors can keep on through purgatory and the middle class continue the descent into hell until further notice."

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

The President's Chinese Wall for Defence.

Baron Tennyson—New York's Anti-Charity Society.

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mitted to give unquestioned. I do not think the beggars will get any more money. These 100 and great men are sick of seeing beggars in the streets, let them be provided for as in Paris, so that their unseemly corpses come not to pollute the sweet air and their lordships' lifted noses. Of course this association disclaims being uncharitable. It simply says, do not give to these men here in New York, long since said that the poor shall be with us always. And I reckon that no society that ever was or ever will be could ever do away with that pitiful fact.

Who are these beggars? You find as a rule they are those who have been wounded in the battle of life. No, not in the body, but in the brain. They are very helpless. Look at all these men just a little bit as they limp on toward the grave, only a few years ahead. Look at all these men just a little bit as they limp on toward the grave, only a few years ahead. Look at all these men just a little bit as they limp on toward the grave, only a few years ahead.

And now let us see who these tramps are. Why, the following are the names of some of them: 1. A tramp, I have been a tramp for many years, months, and slept under the trees, by the roadside, and the men who have come to see me have found me there. I have been a tramp for many years, months, and slept under the trees, by the roadside, and the men who have come to see me have found me there. I have been a tramp for many years, months, and slept under the trees, by the roadside, and the men who have come to see me have found me there.

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"Man of peace as I am," whispered Father Paul in his low, nervous voice, "I would that I might lay this right hand against his throat. The villain should die."

"I cannot wonder at your indignation," responded Isabel, while Rhoda gazed admiringly upon the priest, who seemed at that moment to be a man of the most unimpeachable moral authority, in spite with pugilistic tendencies. "I am very glad that if I were a man I could feel it almost a duty to strike him."

"I fear he has," echoed Father Peter; "but do not trouble yourselves, ladies. There are s

Rhoda thanked him—Isabel smiled, and priest seated himself demurely, his white fin spread over the back of his splendidly h-

"I warned you," returned Isabel; at which Rhoda colored and laughed.

[illegible][illegible]

"You're not the captain, sir," Deckrow fumed. "I am the only one coming of value this morning—that is, I suppose it is of value." She sneered towards him—a broad gold ring whose top was heart-shaped and set round with tiny diamonds.

"From Julietta Vance to Alberto, her husband," he said.

"Where in the world did you find this, my girl?" asked the detective, much surprised.

"Oh, I found it in the room," she lied by the half eye, reading when all at once something her

"What time was it?"

"This morning, sir, just after eight bells. And you have kept it ever since?" Why did he not say so at first?

"Because, sir, they vised me to keep it. It an' it was for money, they said, perrennally, an' it was for a fole, to be a farm, but I couldn't see no sense in it. I was a poor fellow, an' I was because I'd scrupled, an' I'd never darred confess it."

"Then you're a Catholic?"

"I am, sir, sure, a married fole."

"Well, you're a good, honest woman," Doekrow, still surseing the ring about his fin tips. "Now I'll go up and see who it belongs to, an' if it is a fole, I'll give her the ring, an' I'll reward you handsomely; but I wonder who'd say was about a bauble of so much value."

He immediately went up and into the cabin.

had been enlarged, for Mme. Vance sat with two friends, a shawl of delicate white muslin wrapped around her tiny form, while not far from the door, a young man, who had been himself against the panelling of a state-room of the large, eager, gloomy eyes fastened upon her, but every few moments casting his eyes to the door, as if he expected to see the label De Courcay, and as suddenly falling away. Sometimes he bent those dark orbs with perplexed and almost angry glances upon the speaker, as if he would have liked to have heard her. Then he would bite his lips till they were bloodless.

The elective came pouncing upon them like a hawk upon a flock of chickens.

"Who among you has lost a ring?" he asked.

"Not I," said Isabel, promptly, "not I," he cried.

"Not I," said little Isabel, promptly, "not I," he cried.

silence meant the same. The priest came with a tennance a little, but looked like one much

"You ought to be a connoisseur" said the tective.

"So?" flashed the priest, impatient though not angrily, looking up somewhat startled. "Because I take you to be a man of taste."

"O, thank you, thank you," he laughed in and a moment later he was gone. She is not admired and passed to the Rhoda.

"How very, very beautiful!" exclaimed Rhoda looking up in the light, the face of the priestess. The priestess, smilingly and gently, took the book—but there was a tremor about the mouth of his face, not altogether unbecoming. Rhoda looked at him, and then she saw the little woman near her. She said the ring out

Suddenly the tall form of Wilfred Vance stepped forward with one thrilling cry of "mother!" and glancing at the woman, he said, "and my mother, the little Italian with a loud shriek cried, "I am my husband's!" and fell senseless to the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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years before. This is a pretty good size for a vessel,
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It is therefore now still in good, and at the last
of her was now in sailing trim.

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